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1. Why is it that the Union Central, while its premiums are low, can pay the largest dividends?
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THE CAPTAIN'S PRAYER.

(The Benttown Bard, in Baltimore Sun.)

The captain, stern, of the battleship,
When the glorious fight was o'er,
When the guns had ceased and the smoke
had cleared

And the cannon stilled their roar,
Stood on the deck with his cap in hand,
And 'twas: "Hist, my men, don't cheer,
For an hour like this is a time, I wis,
When the Lord God must be near!
We've won the fight, and they've sunk
from sight

And their ships have strewn the
beach—
So, it's off with your caps, and it's time,
perhaps,

To pardon a man if he preach:
For it wasn't the men and it wasn't the
guns

So much as the Lord God's care"—
And the nations heard, and the nations
cried

"Amen," to the captain's prayer!
The captain stern of the battleship,
Who hadn't said much at all
Through the flame and roar when the
Commodore

Gave the sign of the battle-call
Rose up on deck with a solemn face
And he lifted it to the sky,
And he murmured some words of the
spirit that girls

The soul when the fight draws nigh:
"It wasn't the ships, and it wasn't the
lips

Of the cannon that sang in flame;
But the fight, my men, was a fight that
was won

By his Presence I dare not name.
You can't tell me that only the sea
And the ships and the men were
there?"

And the nations knew, and they
answered, too,
"Amen," to the captain's prayer!

"Ye were bold and brave," said the
captain grave,
"And ye gave 'em the best ye had;
Ye proved ye were true, every man of
the crew,

And to say so makes me glad.
We were hot on their wake, and we made
them quake,

And we ran them to their death;
But I hope ye'll agree with the likes of
me

That 'twas just as the Lord God said:
He was there in His might, and He
fought this fight,

And the triumph is His, I say;
Then off with your caps, my noble chaps,
And we'll kneel right here and pray:
We'll kneel right here, and we'll give
our thanks

To the glory of God's great care"—
And the nations heard, and they gave
the word,

"Amen," to the captain's prayer!
Amen to the prayer of the great seaman,
Amen to the word of grace,
When the great guns cease and the sea's
at peace

On the whole of its glimmering face!
Amen to the thought that the captain
brought

To the minds of the sailor men,
Who knew it was true that the ships
and crew

Were alone in the Lord God's ken!
"We ran them down and we sunk them
deep,

And we aimed our cannon well;
We tore their decks in a thousand flecks
With the storm of our shot and shell;
But, His be the praise, and to Him we
raise

The thanks we've got to spare"—
And the nations heard, and the nations
word

Was "Amen," to the captain's prayer!

RICHMOND IS NOT VIRGINIA.

Her Papers and Some of
Her People at Logger-
heads With the Coun-
try.

RELIGIOUS PAPER AGREES WITH COUNTRY PRESS

[Religious Herald, April 22.]

It seems necessary every now and then to remind our political and other leaders in our fair and beautiful city that Richmond is not Virginia. We yield to no one in our admiration for our great historic capital. We should rather live and do our work and lie down to our final rest here than anywhere else on the green earth. We believe that Richmond is, for her size and importance, the friendliest town in all the land. * * * It is not possible for us to have any sort of sympathy with a certain unreasoning prejudice which is not rare in Virginia, against the capital city. It seems to us that Richmond has achieved so much and suffered so much for the common good that the whole State ought to feel inextinguishable pride in her history, her present prosperity and her bright prospects of large growth. Many of our people in Virginia, indeed, we think a great majority of them, have this sentiment toward their capital.

At the same time it is well to remind our Richmond people that they ought not to isolate themselves on questions of public policy from the great mass of Virginia citizens. Of course, where any question of conscience is involved, what we are saying has no point, and ought to have no weight. But in that large realm of expediency it is wise to have constant reference to the fact that, after all, the city is dependent upon the country for her growth and prosperity. If by any mischance we should sacrifice the good-will of the good people of the

State, we know of nothing that could adequately repay this loss.

The Religious Herald is not in politics. It occasionally ventures a word on political themes that have a distinct and important moral aspect, but even then we try to be judicious and cautious. Still, we shall not be blamed now, we suppose, when no heated general political battle is raging, if we remind our people that a great number of our Virginians, supposing that our daily papers voiced the prevailing sentiment, have from time to time manifested some resentment toward the city.

If we were to offer in these columns any political counsel we should be strongly tempted to remind our Richmond folk that for reasons upon which we need not now enter, the political issues, or certain of them, at any rate, are much more vital to the white people of our country and smaller towns than they are to the great cities. However, we do not mean to go into that matter.

Saloon Already Doomed.

Everybody that knows anything about the State knows very well that outside of a few large cities in the Commonwealth the open saloon is already doomed. It is, perhaps, a little difficult for our well-to-do folk in the city, with their comfortable homes and paved streets, and admirable police protection, to understand what the cross-road grogery means to communities which it afflicts. Not in haste or passion, but with an indignation that is surely righteous and is as relentless as fate, the country folk have banished these unspeakable and degrading nuisances. Until the adoption of the new Constitution, which practically eliminated the negro as a voter, this was almost an impossible task. Now, however, with a more limited and more intelligent franchise, the work has been done, or nearly done. Still it was not done without a struggle, and a hard struggle. It is a pity that in this struggle the country folk have little to remember in the way of sympathy and help rendered to them by their fortunate city brethren. Scarcely a daily newspaper in the Commonwealth was their out-spoken friend.

Now that, unaided, they have accomplished in the main this great end, they find our city people acquiescent in it after a fashion, though our dailies, for the most part, still argue, or seem to argue, that it would be better for the country to restore these cross-road grogshops.

In the meantime, the saloon having been ordered out, our cities (and our beloved Richmond chiefly) begin to ship liquor in packages into this very territory, and it is loudly claimed that they drive a roaring trade. Sooner or later the law will be invoked to protect these communities that do not desire the saloon or the illicit sale of liquor sent from without their borders, against the cities. When that time comes the attitude of the representatives of the city in the Legislature will be watched with interest, and we ourselves shall be curious to know what stand our daily newspapers will take upon it.

Issue Inevitable in the Cities

That every city in the Commonwealth will in the course of time, have to pass upon this issue of the open saloon, no thoughtful observer of the signs of the time can fail to believe. However, no body is pressing such an issue now, so far as we are able to learn, no one in the leadership of the Anti-Saloon work desires to precipitate this conflict in Richmond. We have already pointed out that the policy of the temperance people in Virginia has up to this time been to work on the local option principle. There are, however, in the ranks of the temperance workers many strong and excellent people, who earnestly desire more radical measures. Some of these went to the last convention asking that a State-wide campaign should be launched at an early day. They maintain that unless this is done, and the entire State is put under prohibition, the cities will become distributing centers for illicit liquor, and that the law which is of so much importance to the country communities will be far more difficult of enforcement. Up to this time the conservatives have prevailed, and are very likely to prevail. The most influential men connected with the temperance organization have counseled patience.

With this view we ourselves have thoroughly sympathized, as we have repeatedly said. We hope to live to see the day when there will not be an open saloon in Virginia, but we would rather see it brought about through the will of the communities themselves, duly ascertained and registered. For our part, we do not believe the time has yet arrived when such a contest ought to be made in the city of Richmond, and we should advise strongly at this time against undertaking it. We do not think that the best method of dealing with this question is through a State-wide campaign, and to this opinion we have also given frequent expression. This does not mean that if, after full consideration, the friends of the temperance movement in Richmond should decide to put the question to the test, that we would either desert or be found neutral or indifferent. In such a contest we should do our best against the saloon. So if the State-wide issue should be made by the voice of the friends of temperance, we should be found fighting in the ranks. But we have no wish to precipitate these conflicts until they seem to be wise and necessary.

How to Hasten the Conflict.

There was held recently in the city of Richmond a meeting of representative citizens to protest, first, against any interference with the city's affairs by outsiders. The meeting was intended apparently to serve notice to the people

in Virginia that Richmond wished them to keep their hands off and let her manage her own affairs in her own way.

The formal resolutions which were adopted also protested against the introduction, either now or at any other time, of the Anti-Saloon issue in this city. In so far, therefore, as these resolutions represent Richmond they separate her from practically all the rest of the State. The local option principle is recognized as truly democratic, but the highly respectable gentlemen who drew and adopted these resolutions evidently took the ground that our city is an exception; that while a majority of citizens in any country community may possibly determine whether they wish the saloon to continue as an established institution, in the city the saloon is so interwoven with our social, commercial, and they might have added, political life, that there is no hope at all of abolishing it without doing an immeasurable injury to all the best interests of the community.

To what a remarkable eminence has this institution been elevated! If we are to listen to these gentlemen, there is scarcely another line of business in the city whose abolition would work such harm.

Hastening Prohibition Fight.

But of this we have nothing further to say. What we do wish to say is, and we say it in utmost kindness and respect, that if it is desired to precipitate a local option fight in this city, there is no surer way of bringing it about than by holding just a few more of these mass-meetings. And what we wish further to say is, that such meetings and such utterances are much more likely to bring on the issue of State-wide prohibition than they are to defer it. Finally, let us all remember that in any position the city might take on this or on other phases of the question, it is of vastly more importance to Richmond, socially, politically, commercially, morally and religiously, that she should have the continuing and growing affection of the great mass of our country brethren in the State than all the money that has come to her citizens from the sale of intoxicants from the day of her foundation to the present hour. Richmond is not Virginia, but Richmond needs Virginia, and if she is to grow and prosper, must have the thorough good-will of the Virginians.

(Communicated.)

WHEAT CORNERS VS. THE FARMER.

I notice that a bill may be introduced in Congress in consequence of the recent operations in wheat, to prohibit corners on food stuffs.

We hope that such a bill may be introduced; and friends, if such a bill is introduced, urge upon your representative to support same.

Just a few weeks ago a Mr. Patten cleared up a small fortune on wheat corners.

The past week this same man cornered 3,000,000 bushels more, paying as much as \$1.15 per bushel for July wheat.

If this cornering business in the wheat market continues you and I will have to fall back on the rule of olden times—eat corn bread all week and wheats bread Sunday morning. We have become so used to having wheat bread when we want it that it would be a little hard to fall back on the old custom.

If Congress should pass a law to prohibit these corners on food stuffs, it would not affect the farmer, as he is willing to dispose of his wheat at a maximum price.

Would it not be wise to write your congressman regarding this bill, dear people? Show him the necessity of his able support of a law to prohibit these corners on wheat as well as other food stuffs.

Millenbeck, Va. G. E. L.

WHY I ATTEND CHURCH RAINY SUNDAYS.

"1. Because the Fourth Commandment does not except the rainy Sunday.

"2. Because I insist on the minister being there, whose contract is no more binding than mine.

"3. Because I may miss exactly the sermon or prayer I need.

"4. Because my presence helps more on rainy than on bright days.

"5. Because the rain did not keep me from the tea last Monday, nor the reception last Tuesday, nor the dinner last Wednesday, nor the card party last Thursday, nor the theatre last Friday, nor the ball game last Saturday, nor the store any day in the week.

"6. Because an example which cannot stand a little wetting is of little account.

"7. Because my faith should not be a matter of thermometers.

"8. Because the man who fears the rain will soon fear the cloud, and he who fears the cloud will soon fear the sun and he who fears the sun will soon fear the daylight itself as a reason for neglecting the church.

"9. Because my real excuse must be to the God of the Sunday."

CATARH CAN BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying,
Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may go marry,
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

MR. TUCKER'S WASHINGTON HOME.

[Petersburg Index-Appel.]

The Richmond Journal calls attention to Mr. Tucker's statement it was his wife and not himself that had erected a building in Washington not with a view to occupying it as a home, but only as an investment, and the Journal is waiting with patience and interest to see if the papers that printed it as Mr. Tucker's house will have the fairness to print Mr. Tucker's statement until it was mentioned in the Journal. The first reference we saw to the matter at all was in the Washington Herald, in which a picture of the palatial mansion was printed, together with the statement that it was built by Mr. Tucker as a home. The Herald may have been in error, and Mr. Tucker may have corrected the error in the Herald, but if he did we failed to see it, and probably the Journal also failed to see it, as it did not give the correction editorial prominence.

But for the purposes of our criticism it is a distinction without a difference whether it was Mr. Tucker or Mrs. Tucker that gave Washington preference over Virginia when making investments.

Mr. Tucker says it was the woman, and so did old Adam! But it was all in the family in both cases.

Now, if Mr. Tucker so loves Virginia that he is willing to give himself as a living sacrifice to the gubernatorial office, why didn't he exert the influence, we will not say the authority, which it is fair to presume he has with his family, and have that investment made in Virginia, the State he would so love to serve? In the statement to which our attention is called he does not even claim that he tried to have the investment made in this State.

Even at this late day, the voters of Virginia will grant him acquaintance if he will say that in an effort to get that palatial mansion for Virginia he did all he could do, for angels could do no more! The opportunity to serve Virginia in this matter was his, but so far as appears to the public, he wrapped his talent in a napkin and stuck it away to rust in idleness. Having failed in this small thing how can he expect the people of Virginia to make him ruler over greater things?

Not this time, Harry St. George! Bring your wealth and your influence to old Virginia, and emulate the example of William Hodges Mann by making two blades of grass to grow where one had grown before, and you may yet be one of Gov. Mann's successors.

WAR ON SPARROWS.

War is to be declared on the English sparrow which has grown to be a public nuisance. In the city these sparrows were a pest, but far worse have they become in the country. The News-Leader referring to a letter from a correspondent says:

"He says that because of the sparrows it is almost useless to attempt to raise flowers or small vegetables near the city. The wretched little noisy, pugnacious and thieving immigrants destroy every leaf of the sweet pea, eat asparagus as fast as it comes through the soil, take all blossoms from the beans and destroy everything not too heavy or hot for them to handle. This citizen, too, has sought the consolation and guidance from Washington and sends an official letter from the department of agriculture advising as to the destruction of the sparrows. We are told that at this time of year the breeding females may be attracted by 'dummy' nesting boxes, caught in them after dusk and killed. One-sixteenth of an ounce of sulphate of strychnine dissolved in a pint of hot water makes a good poison. A couple of pounds of cake crumbs or coarsely broken peanuts soaked in the poisoned water in a closed vessel for a couple of hours and then dried and scattered where the sparrows can get the poison and children and domestic animals cannot, will remove many. Dead flocks made of old doors or sand sieves and operated by a string at some distance, the birds baited beneath them with food, is another method recommended. The department of agriculture seems to be thoroughly in sympathy with the desire to banish the English sparrow from the country."—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

A HERO OF THE MESSINA EARTHQUAKE.

The May McClure contains a letter written by a survivor of the Messina earthquake. She describes the heroic behavior of a fellow sufferer.

"A young man, whom I shall never forget, a cripple, with only one leg, clambering with a crutch among the ruins, saved scores of people. Unflinchingly he searched among the wreckage, he brought back to us everything he could find; he took bits of chocolate out of his mouth to put into the mouths, forever open, of crying children.

"A marvel, in truth, was the forethought of this man. Where did he unearth a crate of apples? He hid them, he defended them from the violence of the greedy; and through the night he went among the huts, distributing quarters of apples to each one of us in his turn, with calculating parsimony, with implacable justice. I shall remember him as long as I live, that fragment of a man among the frag-

ments of a city. He explored the ruined city in every direction, to find a way of escape, to open a road for us. We could see him hanging like a mountain goat over the edge of frightful precipices. At night he never rested, unless it were to make a pillow of himself for those who did not know where to lay their heads, amid the mire, the blood, and the ruin. The name of this hero is Salvatore Stellario. What became of him when the anguished fight for the preservation of life had ceased, and we saw the fire close at hand, after a night spent under the rain, dreadful scourge, amid continual earthquakes, the horrors of darkness, cold, fear, the ever fainter moaning of the hurt? They told me he sought safety in the direction of the railway. Perhaps I shall see him again."

OUIDA ON THE WOMAN PROBLEM.

A unique and interesting feature of Lippincott's Magazine for May is the first of two papers which Louise de la Rance, better known as Ouida, the brilliant novelist, wrote more than twenty-five years ago and sold with the stipulation that they should be withheld from the public until after her death. She passed away in Viareggio, Italy, January 25th, 1908, and the publishers are now free to give to the public these extraordinary documents which, in her characteristic chirography, remained in the editor's safe so many years—passing unharmed through the fire which destroyed the great Lippincott plant in 1899. The first paper is quite prophetic of the world-wide interest now obtaining in the question of woman's suffrage. The second will present a serious and startling philosophy of an evil as wide-spread as it is appalling. So apropos are both these papers to conditions at the present time that the thought is pretty certain to occur to the reader that their famous author was indeed gifted with the spirit of prophecy.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A man in St. Joseph, Mo., has named his wife Gasoline, because, he says, she flares up so easily.

Mrs. Hettie Green says she got rich by minding her own business. This helps to explain why a great many people in this world remain poor.—Virginian-Pilot.

D. B. Mentzer, manager of the famous Mentzer Duck Farm, near Hagerstown, since Christmas has gathered 30,000 eggs laid by the ducks on the farm. Six thousand ducklings were recently hatched out. A few days ago Mr. Mentzer shipped to the city markets 1,800 pounds of feathers secured from ducks which were killed on the farm during the past season and shipped to the cities.

A New York hospital has adopted, experimentally, the busy bee as a cure for rheumatism. The process is simple: The bee is placed in a glass tumbler over the affected joint and the glass manipulated in a manner calculated to arouse the naturally irritable nature of the bee; the bee's temper follows the line of least resistance, and leaves his sting in knee or shoulder of the patient. The results are reported to be surprising, but we doubt it. We can see no reason for surprise at anything that might result from a bee-sting, ably administered.—Baltimore Star.

NAME WOULDN'T FLOAT.

Death by drowning came to a Paducah, Ky., man who is said to have had the longest name in the world.

His full name was Arthur Hugh Thomas T. Dewitt Talmadge Hardin Eddie Lane Arland Linnie Marion Branch Sam Jones Pigg Reuben Walker Chiles.

The deceased was the son of Rev. W. R. Chiles, superintendent of the Rescue Mission of Paducah, and each name was some preacher of note.

BIG FIRE NOT FROM SKIES.

To the Editor:—A says that the night before the big fire he saw a flash light down in Carters Creek, Va., from a star, and he was sure that we were going to have a fire in Baltimore. Is he right?

A may have thought on Saturday night that Baltimore would have a fire Sunday. But the flash did not cause the big fire. Burning cloth, a powder box and a high wind did that.—Baltimore Star.

Alcohol not needed

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a strong drink. As now made, there is not a drop of alcohol in it. It is a non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. Ask your own doctor about your taking this medicine for thin, impure blood. Follow his advice every time. He knows.

We publish our formulae
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

Ask your doctor, "What is the first great rule of health?" Nine doctors out of ten will quickly reply, "Keep the bowels regular." Then ask him another question, "What do you think of Ayer's Pills for constipation?"

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil is the means of life and enjoyment of life to thousands: men, women and children.

When appetite fails, it restores it. When food is a burden, it lifts the burden.

When you lose flesh, it brings the plumpness of health.

When work is hard and duty is heavy, it makes life bright.

It is the thin edge of the wedge; the thick end is food. But what is the use of food when you hate it and can't digest it?

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the food that makes you forget your stomach.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World."

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York.

O. J. HAMMILL CO., PLEASANTVILLE, N. J.

Designers and Manufacturers of Artistic Memorials in